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Leaning Tower at Pisa, Italy.

We have already embellished the Casket with views of different Leaning Towers; we now introduce to our readers the celebrated Tower at Pisa, in Italy. Its height is about 187 feet, it is ascended by 335 steps, and contains 7 bells. It stands alone, unconnected with the neighbouring buildings, and was probably intended as an ornamental belfry. It is inclined from the perpendicular rather more than 14 feet. It is built of marble and granite, and has 8 stories, formed of arches, supported by 207 pillars, and divided by cornices. Its form and proportions are graceful, and its whole appearance, from a short distance, remarkably beautiful. Whilst approaching the city (which is situated on an extensive plain) at the distance of a few miles, the effect, when the tower is seen over the tops of the trees, between two others which are perpendicular, is so striking, that the spectator feels almost inclined to doubt the evidence of his senses. It was erected about A. D. 1174, by Wilhelmus, or William, a German architect, assisted by two Pisans. From the inclination of the stairs, it seems to a person going up or down hastily, to roll like a ship. This beautiful structure, notwithstanding its inclination, seems to have withstood the ravages of time with more than usual success, as it has now stood for more than 600 years, without any fissure, or the slightest perceptible sign of decay. Travellers, antiquaries, and the learned in general, have been perplexed and divided in opinion, with respect to the cause of the inclination: some have argued in favour of its being accidental; others have merely stated the different opinions on the subject, without giving their own; whilst Dr. Arnott, in his popular work "on the Elements of Physics," distinctly says, that it was built *intentionally* inclined, to frighten or surprise.

It has remained for the accurate observation of an English lady, who travelled in Italy a few years ago, to set the question at test, by discovering what had escaped the notice of so many learned gentlemen. "In that part of the Campo Santo," says Mrs. Starke, "in which the life of St. Ranieri is painted, we see the now leaning tower *upright*." These paintings are supposed to have been done about A. D. 1300, more than 100 years after the tower was erected: so that it may now be considered as certain, that the inclination was caused by the gradual sinking of the earth, as in all other instances in Italy. This opinion is confirmed by the circumstances of the lowest row of pillars being sunk deep in the earth, the mouldings not running parallel with the horizon, and the inclination of the stairs.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SOIREE MUSICALE.

From "Gale Middleton," a new novel, just published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life,
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.—THOMSON.

It happened that, on the day fixed by the Duchess of Harrowgate for the musical party in Portland Place, Sir Matthew, having some official business to transact in his capacity of alderman, with the common councilmen of his ward, had engaged a party of them to dine with him afterwards at the London Tavern, a circumstance very acceptable to Lady Middleton, who, knowing his boon companions of the city to be no less staunch topers than himself, had no apprehension of seeing him return home until long after the departure of her fashionable guests. How she had toiled and tormented herself in all the preliminary arrangements; how keenly she had calculated the mode in which the greatest display could be reconciled with the smallest expense, so as to combine magnificence with meanness; how she had racked her imagination and exhausted her taste in arranging the decorations for the rooms, and the ornaments for the supper table; how long and deeply she had meditated upon the new dresses to be worn by herself and her daughter—these and a thousand other hows, whys, and wherefores, "the willing Muse shall tell." Suffice it to state, that all was at length completed to her entire satisfaction; the great, the important, the long expected night had arrived; the drawing-rooms, hung with rich draperies, and brilliantly illuminated with wreath-entwined lamps, lustres, and candelabra, seemed to anticipate, by their joyous aspect, the gay and glittering pageant of which they were shortly to be the scene; every thing, in short, was ready, and every thing wore a look of cheerful expectation, unless we may except the bass-viols, violoncellos, and other musical instruments deposited in a little orchestra, fitted up at the extremity of the suite. These vehicles of harmonious sound, which had so often enraptured a polite audience, and were about to do so again, appeared, by their grave aspect, to be wrapped up in the dignity of their own silence, and to be either feeding upon the recollection of their past exploits, or to be seriously perpending what they should next achieve. The leader's violin, supported by a music-book, was evidently consulting the bow twisted beneath its bridge; the subordinate instruments were not less obviously listening to the conference; and as to a portly bass reclining against the wall in a brown study, you might have sworn that he was weighing the respective merits of Rossini and Mozart. Perhaps we may have erred in thus interpreting the meditations of these inanimate occupants of the orchestra; but as to the significant and serious air of self-importance which they severally assumed, we speak without the smallest fear of contradiction.

Lady Middleton's good taste, of which we have already made honourable mention, shone conspicuously in the embellishments of the apartments, which were at once chaste and rich, sufficiently resplendent to stimulate and delight, but not so gorgeous as to dazzle and satiate the spectator, or to offend him by an air of ostentation. In her personal appearance the same nice tact was perceptible. Other wives, circumstanced like herself, might have thought themselves justified, considering the great reputed wealth of Sir Matthew, in bedizening themselves with diamonds, and challenging the admiration which the high and low vulgar willingly concede to such evidence of opulence. Aware of her origin, though she did as much as possible to forget it, and determined not to afford a plea for any sneering imputations upon civic finery, Lady Middleton left her jewels in their box, and, avoiding all attempts at magnificence, only sought to render her attire as elegant and as becoming as possible.

As a special favour, she had procured from Lady Barbara Rusport a list of the company to be invited, with an intimation, however, that some addition might be subsequently made to the number. Over this catalogue, many names of which appertained to members of the high and mighty exclusives, superlatives, and inaccessibles, had she brooded with the exultation of a little mind, which tells that it is about to triumph over and mortify all its competitors. Of these names she had extracted the most fashionable conspicuous, to weave into a variety of newspaper paragraphs, writing them with her own hand, and seldom concluding her employment without ejaculating in a tone of triumphant delight, "So much for Mrs. Maltby! I will take care she shall have all the papers. Poor thing! she will be half killed with envy!" Many people are in the habit of imputing malignant feelings to those whom they dislike, as an excuse for their own; a species of self-vindication in which it will be seen that Lady Middleton was not deficient, although, in point of fact, there was little or no ground for the charge against her sister, and, consequently, no valid pretext for her own jealous and uncharitable feelings. "There will be no small uproar," she continued, "among my old acquaintance, when they find that not one of them is invited to my party; but as I shall be under the necessity of cutting them when I have the *entrée* among the exclusives, it may be as well to bring our separation to immediate issue, and give them their dismissal at once. It is only to be never at home to them when I am in the house, and never to see them when I am abroad, and the whole affair will be settled in three months."

This soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Cecilia, who, under her mother's directions, was attired with an elegant simplicity, though the effect of her well-turned and well-dressed figure was neutralised by her inexpressive features and general air of insipidity. "I am sorry that we are not to have Sir Dennis to-night," said the mother, "he assures me that he could easily have accomplished it, through some of his noble friends who are acquainted with the Duchess; but as he abhors a crowd, has no particular penchant for music, and abominates trouble of all sorts, he declares that he would not be at pains of applying for a ticket."

To this observation the daughter made some unimportant reply, and, as they walked up and down the room, both endeavouring to assume an air of self-possession, which was foreign to their hearts, they fell into conversation upon the approaching entertainment, each hoping that the Duchess and Lady Barbara would come early, as there would otherwise be so much awkwardness in their being totally unacquainted with their guests. It was not without a sudden start of the body, and some little trepidation of spirit, that they heard the first thundering knock, which seemed sufficiently consequential to announce the desiderated patroness of the entertainment; but, to their great disappointment, it proved to be a party of titled strangers, whose names they could not catch, so miserably were they blundered by Dupin, who Gallicized one half of what he heard, and perverted the other moiety into gibberish. Carriages now rolled in uninterrupted succession into Portland Place; loud and incessant became the appeals to the knocker; Dupin announced a whole Babel of unintelligible appellations; peers, peeresses, and commoners, poured through the open door; the drawing-rooms began to fill with turbaned chaperons, rouged staring dowagers, tittering young ladies in tulle dresses and wreaths, *roue*-looking elderly gentlemen with bald heads and spindle shanks, and here and there a solitary juvenile beau. Tongues chattered in every variety of intonation, from the loud confidence of the oracular and infallible peeress, to the lisp of the simpering *debutante*; plumes waved, diamonds glittered, and silks rustled; but still the Duchess and Lady Barbara did not make their appearance, and the embarrassment of Lady Middleton and her daughter, who, amidst all this interchange of recognitions and tittle-tattle, were no more noticed in their own house, than if they had been statues, increased with every passing minute. Evident as was the awkwardness of their situation, it excited not in their distinguished visitants the smallest attempt to remove it; they conducted themselves exactly as if they were in a theatre, or other public place, into which they had paid for admission. Upon these occasions there is a negative rudeness which none but the polite world can assume, and which is almost as offensive as a positive incivility. They who had first arrived, and who could not, therefore, fail to recognize the mistress of the mansion and her daughter, measured them superciliously through their glasses, and passed on with a cold stately indifference to criticise the rooms. There were but two unnoticed outcasts, and their situation spoke for itself, although many of the promenaders seemed to be quite unconscious of their presence, as with a condescending and patronising air they ejaculated—"Really, now—all things considered, the rooms are by no means inelegant—I hadn't the least idea they could get up these things so decently in this part of the town—ar'n't you amazed, Lady Wriggleton?"

"Oh, never more so! quite an agreeable surprise. It must be confessed that the apartments are admirably fitted up, though I understand that Sir Matthew ——— really I quite forget the old gentleman's name—is a citizen and alderman. How very odd!—exceedingly singular!—remarkable! People may well talk of the march of intellect!"

Pride, it is said, feels no pain; but even Lady Middleton, with all her pitiful ambition and grovelling aspirations, felt humiliated at being exposed to so much impertinence in her own house. Cecilia, abashed at the bold and almost contemptuous stare with which she was regarded, whenever she ventured to lift up her eyes, could have cried outright; and both the mother and daughter listened with increasing impatience for the announcement of the noble patroness, who was to introduce them to their visitants, and enable them to be at home in their own house.

At length they caught the welcome names of the Duchess of Harrowgate and Lady Barbara Rusport, when they were presented in form, first to her Grace, and, subsequently, to several of her friends; most of whom comported themselves with an air of stiff, cold, haughty condescension, little better, even in its assumed courtesy, than a direct insult. At this juncture a name was announced, which would have induced Lady Middleton to distrust the evidence of her ears, but that individual to whom it appertained was presently ushered into the drawing-room. It was no other than Mrs. Howard Maltby, who, having by some inexplicable means procured an introduction to the Duchess, had contrived to get invited to the party. Magnificently dressed, and looking provokingly well, she tripped up to the Duchess, made her a profound obeisance, smiled graciously on the mistress of the mansion, and then ran on to every individual with whom she was acquainted, in order to state that she came as the friend of the Duchess, not in virtue of her relationship to the lady of the house. Poor Lady Middleton was ready to sink into the earth with vexation. To mortify Mrs. Howard Maltby had been the main object of the party which she had collected together with so much management; and now to find that her sister had anticipated her in making the acquaintance of the Duchess, and outsparkled her in her own house, was beyond all human endurance. The victim, thus justly punished by the disappointment of her machinations and the recoil of her own angry feelings, writhed under the infliction; but good-breeding and conventional politeness enabled her to conceal her emotions beneath a smile more than usually bland and complacent. After the Duchess had gone through the form of presentation, leaning all the while on the arm of Miss Borradaile, she inquired for Gale Middleton; and, on learning that he had been compelled, on account of his health, to visit the country, she expressed her disappointment in terms that showed her to be out humour, while her *protegée* brought her spectacles nearer to her eyes, and uttered a doleful and dissonant hem! From this moment her Grace, evidently piqued, introduced no more of her friends, but sunk into an easy chair, gazing at the assemblage with a vacant unconcern, and venting her spleen upon her unfortunate toady; for Lady Barbara, anticipating this burst of peevishness, had made her escape.

Lady Middleton, already distressed and disconcerted, saw that something had annoyed her illustrious patroness, though she knew not what, and, by way of supplying some new object of attention, wished to expedite the music, as the performers had, by this time, mostly taken their positions in the orchestra; but even this she hardly knew how to accomplish without contravening the instructions she had received from Lady Barbara, and appearing vulgar, which it was her special object to avoid. "*Laissez faire*," was to be her motto, and an absolute *nonchalence* was to mark her deportment. Far from caring for her guests, she was not even to wear the semblance of caring for herself, so that she wandered disconsolately up and down her rooms, with an anxious and aching heart, but smiling and gracious countenance, not knowing to whom to speak, and spoken to by none; wishing the concert to begin, and yet afraid to give any orders for accelerating it, lest she should exhibit an unfashionable *empressement*. For want of proper arrangements beforehand, a tedious day ensued, but the leader, at length, gave his preparatory flourish, the company took their seats, the place of honour being appropriated to the Duchess, and the concert at length began.

It exhibited the usual features presented by such entertainments among a people who pay more and care less for music than any other upon the face of the earth. The timid young ladies, who had been afraid lest their voices should be overheard, now ventured to flirt and chatter, like parrots, under cover of some of the finest pieces of Bethoven and Rossini; while the dowagers and old women gossips of either sex, seemed determined that their tongues should keep tune with the fiddlesticks, getting into a louder key with every *crescendo* movement, as if resolved to "to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." Had Orpheus himself played to such a herd of human animals, he would have set nothing dancing but their tongues. Even the vocal performers failed to command more than an occasional attention; most of the company being evidently of opinion that no voice was so sweet as their own; while all afforded a most audible and irrefragable proof, that even the taciturn English may be stimulated into loquacity by really good music. Upon these occasions, however, the spectators, we cannot call them auditors, were not less enthusiastic than discriminating in their applause, invariably lavishing the most ecstatic "bravos!" upon those songs or pieces to which they had paid the least attention. To be sure, they reserved these marks of favour for the conclusion, so that they were perhaps merely expressing their natural delight at being brought somewhat nearer to the termination of the concert. By the help of incessant discourse and occasional plaudit, it did terminate at length, all parties, and especially those who had been the most incessant talkers, agreeing that it had been a remarkably good concert, and had gone off uncommonly well. Let us not, however, be misunderstood as imputing to our countrymen a uniform indifference to the charms of music. When a private concert is to be followed by a supper, the two or three pieces are sure to collect a numerous and eager audience, a fact that was illustrated at Lady Middleton's, where a knot of officers, a bevy of beaux, and two or three *vieux garçons*; all of whom, if they had no stomach for music, had, at least, an excellent ear for champagne and Roman punch, simultaneously made their appearance full three minutes before the commencement of the finale.

The performers, doubtless very much flattered by the vehement applauses they had received for not being heard, now took their departure, and the company began to perambulate the rooms, waiting for the annoucement of supper, when a disturbance sounded up the stairs from the hall, of which we must give a passing explanation. Foiled in all her attempts to procure a ticket for the party, and yet determined to make a bold push for admission, Mrs. Burroughs had arranged with her friend Dupin, whose services she had procured by a bribe, that she should be smuggled into the drawing-room during the *melée*, that usually precedes the going to supper. For the music she cared not, but she coveted the *éclat* of being present; and she only desired to be in time for the supper, because her dear little darlings were so fond of *bonbons*. Attired, accordingly, in her new figured silk dress, and bedizened with all her jewels, baubles, and gold chains, she presented herself in Portland Place; but, unfortunately for the success of her scheme, the Duchess had ordered that none should be admitted who did not bring their cards of invitation, and, to guard against interlopers, had directed that one of her own servants should be stationed in the hall. Faithful to her orders, this man put a *veto* upon her introduction; and Mrs. Burroughs, in the fear of a detection that would not place her in a very enviable light, made, a precipitate retreat, leaving her battle to be fought by Dupin, who lavished abuse in broken English upon the Duchess' menial, and would, probably, have received a broken head in return, had he not taken to his heels and sought sanctuary in the drawing-room.

Here the company were still lounging about in different groups, beguiling the time with such elevated and edifying conversation, as is usually heard in similar assemblages. After complimenting one another on their mutual good looks, their divine *toques*, delicious turbans, and exquisite tiaras, the elderly ladies parted from their dear friends with a most affectionate smile, and then whispered to their companions,—"Never saw her look so ill in my life,—a frightful head-dress, but, poor thing! she never had an atom of taste." The young ladies flirted, and simpered, and talked nonsense, almost as glibbly as the dandy danglers by their side; while the elderly gentlemen, gathered together in solemn conclave, discoursed with a becoming gravity of the winners and losers at the Newmarket meeting, of the new female opera-dancer, and of a recently discovered intrigue in fashionable life, upon the subject of which they evinced a proper sense of morality, unanimously condemning the parties for the irremissible crime of—suffering themselves to be found out.

Tom Rashleigh, for thus familiarly was he always termed, who affected, upon every occasion, to be the very latest of the late, and who had rather hear the liquid music of out-poured champagne, than the finest strains of Paganini, now made his way into the drawing-room, where his progress was presently arrested by the Duchess of Harrowgate, to whose arm-chair he was summoned. Her Grace's motives for wishing to conciliate the man she most disliked, we have already stated; but though she feared him, she found a certain pleasure in his society, for he sometimes said droll things, sometimes abused her best friends, and, in either case, administered a momentary excitement to her stagnant faculties. "Dear Mr. Rashleigh!" she exclaimed, "I am glad you are come; but how shockingly late you are! This affair is awfully dull; I have not found the least pleasure in it, hitherto, and now I have lost Miss Borradaile."

"Surely *that* must be a pleasure. I congratulate your Grace on the loss, and recommend you to offer a handsome reward to any one who shall find and *not* bring her back."

"Nonsense! do tell me whether you have passed her in the *melée*."

"Oh, yes! I saw her just now—*quite plain*."

"I understand the meaning of your emphasis, but I will have no reflections on poor Miss Borradaile, who does not make any pretensions to beauty."

"I don't know why she should not, since she lays claim to talents."

"Why should you always be so censorious, Mr. Rashleigh?"

"Why should others wish to monopolize all the scandal to themselves?"

"You do not glance at me, I hope. No injurious rumours can be laid at my door: I am merely an echo."

"Echo never begins a story, and in babbling about what she has heard from others, makes it less at every repetition. Far be it from me to doubt that your Grace acts up to this character."

"Nay, our dull gibes may be excused; they fall to the ground by their own weight."

"But mine, your Grace would infer, being pointed with wit, and sometimes barbed with epigrammatic verse, fly like an arrow, and seldom suffer their object to escape without a wound. Ay, there's the rub. Doubtless you think, as others have done, that I deserve to smart for my smartness. I might be as malignant as others, if I would only be as stupid. Many thanks for the implied flattery. I never knew a man who would refuse a compliment to his head at the expense of his heart. But I differ from your Grace; there is a species of slander, which, being adapted by its ponderous dulness to every capacity, has a wider range than any other: like a leaden bullet, its heaviness only enables it to go farther, and hit harder."

"Nay, I am not in the humour for arguing, nor, indeed, for anything else. You know how anxious I have been to get a good lion for my next grand party. I had already exhibited the man who performs upon his chin, and the child who plays the Battle of Prague upon a penny trumpet, and the Swiss milk-maid, who yells the Ranz des Vaches; and for my coming *soirée*, I had made sure of securing the son of our civic host, about whose strange adventure in the church-yard all the world have been lately talking; but he has taken himself off into Sussex—was ever any thing so provoking! One cannot easily get another man who has been buried alive."

"Not in London, Duchess! in the country they are common enough."

"They say that the poor young man's intellects, not of the strongest order before, will never recover from the fright."

"Talking of frights, yonder is Miss Borradaile, walking arm in arm with old Lady Totteridge, who pretends to have a nervous affection in the head—the only thing she has in it, by the by—in order that she may display her diamond tiara to more glittering advantage. I wonder that your *protegée* should select for her companion a deaf, dull, peevish crone, who, were it not for the Thames Tunnel, would be the greatest bore in existence."

"It must be confessed, that Miss Borradaile is somewhat singular in her tastes: she always attaches herself to what every body else dislikes."

"I never understood until now the secret of her inordinate self-love."

"You are prejudiced against her; in solid attainments, I can assure you, that there are very few of either sex who come near her."

"They are quite right; *I* wouldn't, for one. Ah! I do her an injustice; I see she can admire something besides herself, for she is evidently eulogising the drapery of yonder curtains, and, in common candour, I feel free to confess that the apartments are fitted up with an inexplicable taste, considering that they belong to a PARVENU a *roturier*, an actual *bona-fide* alderman, and a native of the *terra incognita*, eastward of Temple Bar. We shall soon hear of Hottentots building habitable hotels." It required no small impudence in a man of the most obscure origin to affect this fashionable arrogance, but Rashleigh had upon all occasions so confidently sneered at upstarts and fellows of low birth that he had actually extorted credit for being a person of good family. "Pray, Duchess," he continued, "did you notice that beautiful cast of Minerva in the hall?"

"No!"

"Then I will speak about it to Lady Bridget O'Leary; she, you know, must have seen it, for she has always a cast in her eye."

"How can you be so illiberal? her's is by no means a squint, but an agreeable obliquity of vision. Her admirer, Jack Rutland, thinks it a beauty."

"Ay, her eye is like a bowl; its bias takes it out of the straight line, only that it may more certainly hit the Jack. *Apropos* of little deviations from the straight line, where is your friend, Lady Barbara Rusport?"

"Just now she was sitting at the window of the boudoir, gazing at the moon, of which she has always been fond."

"That I can understand, for there is a man in it."

"I cannot listen to such innuendoes. Would you insinuate that Lady Barbara———?"

"I only say that she is a philanthropist. A person so charitable as your Grace will hardly hold this to be a disparagement."

"Really, Mr. Rashleigh, I do not exactly comprehend you."

"Truly, Duchess, I can very easily believe it; but, hark! there is the supper bell, which few will deny to be the best and pleasantest music they have heard to-night. Shall I have the honour of escorting your Grace down stairs?"

Lady Middleton had requested the most distinguished nobleman present to offer his arm to the Duchess, which he tendered accordingly; but so completely was this dictatress of the fashionable world enslaved by her fear of ridicule, that, in defiance of all established rules, and to the profound horror of many a "tenth transmitter of of a foolish face," she pleaded a prior promise to Rashleigh, and suffered him to conduct her to the supper-room.

A considerable quantity of plate, with a variety of handsome ornaments, having been hired for the decoration of the tables, they presented a very beautiful appearance; the banquet was elegant without any gewgaw tawdriness, and sufficient without superabundance; yet the comfort of the whole entertainment was spoiled by some of those paltry economies from which Lady Middleton could not refrain, even in the midst of a profuse expenditure. Rather than pay the full price to men accustomed to wait at table, she had engaged a cheaper and less expert set of assistants, who, not knowing where to find any thing that was wanted, and unable to comprehend the broken English of the sputtering Dupin, ran over each other, spilled the liquids and the viands upon the guests, and filled the whole apartment with most admired disorder. The champagne, being from Sir Matthew's cellars, was of excellent quality, but as her ladyship would not incur the expense of ice, which she declared to be unnecessary, and had moreover ordered the wine to be deposited upon the table beforehand lest it should be purloined by the servants, it had become so warm as to be scarcely drinkable. Nor had she been more fortunate in his Roman punch, which, having been furnished by an inferior confectioner, who supplied it at a lower price, was little better than a libel upon the exquisite and unrivalled beverage of which it bore the name.

As some of the young sprigs of fashion conducted themselves very much as if they had been at a tavern, their dissatisfaction at these epicurean delinquencies came to the cognizance of Lady Middleton, not only by their distasteful looks, but by very unequivocal exclamations of surprise and disappointment, which filled her with inexpressible mortification. Though she could not hear Tom Rashleigh, she gathered from his manner, and the sneering laugh of his immediate circle, that the wag who affected an ultra and superlative epicurism, was unmercifully quizzing the contents both of the long and the green glasses. It annoyed her also to perceive that the Duchess, evidently *ennuyée*, notwithstanding the sallies of the witling at her side, looked frequently and impatiently at her watch, as if anxious for the hour at which she had ordered her carriage.

In spite of these partial failures, the banquet seemed to be passing off with a tolerable cheerfulness, so far as might be judged by the commingled clatter of tongues, glasses, and plates. A supper-party is almost always pleasant and sociable, and the present offered no exception to the festive and hilarious character of such entertainments, so far as the guests were concerned; though the mistress of the mansion and her daughter were not participants in the general gaiety. With a serene and complacent smile mantling over her features, the former sat upon thorns; while Cecilia, abashed, and unnoticed, and feeling herself completely out of her element, sighed more earnestly for the conclusion of the entertainment than she had ever desired its arrival. The general exhilaration, however, continued to increase; the madeira and frontinac, which were pronounced admirable, seemed gradually to thaw the torpor of even the most frozen fashionable; the *bonbon* crackers exploded with a sharp report, that justified an affected exclamation of alarm from some, and a derisive simper from others; the significant mottoes elicited pleasant titterings; smiling countenances, where teeth, and sparkling eyes were to be seen in every direction; the solemn foppery of *haut ton* had been so far forgotten, that an unequivocal, we had almost said a hearty, laugh had more than once been heard; in short, the whole party was at its very acmé of enjoyment, when a sudden and obstreperous irruption of strange figures into the banquetting-room, filled some with terror, and all with utter amazement, instantly silencing every sound, except the screams of the more timid young ladies.

We have recorded that Sir Matthew had engaged a party of common-council-men to dine with him at the London Tavern, all of whom were as unflinching topers as himself. At a late hour of the night some of these revellers were still at table, and still calling for fresh bottles or shouting Bacchanalian songs, when, upon a proposal being made that some devilled turkey should be ordered for supper, Sir Matthew ejaculated—"Hey, what?—do you want some—hick!—supper I mean. Lots to be had at my house. Meg has got the platter faced Duchess, and a set of scarecrow Countesses to listen to—hick!—twedle dum twee, and squally-wally. More fool she;—never mind; can't make a silken sow of a purse's ear. Tell 'ee what, lads, 'spose we tumble in upon 'em, and help 'em to—hick! finish the—hick!—capital fun! frighten platter-face and the scrags of mutton out of their wits. Hick, hick, hick! Ha, ha, ha!"

For an enterprise that was to begin with a wild frolic and end with a supper and champagne, his auditors, who were still more intoxicated than himself, were exactly in cue, and they accordingly received it with a shout of assent. Sir Matthew, scarcely able to stand, less, however, from ebriety than from his chuckling laughter, as he thought of the astonishment which his unexpected appearance would excite, invested himself in his alderman's gown; his companions put on their robes; and the whole party reeled into a hackney-coach, shrieking a verse of one of their standard Bacchanalian songs—

What's life but a frolic, a song and a laugh,
My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff,
May mirth and good fellowship always abound,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

On descending from their vehicle in Portland Place, they found lying on the hall table, some of the instruments belonging to the performers, when each, "for madness ruled the hour," the motion of the coach having completed the intoxication of the whole party, imitated the example of Sir Matthew, by snatching up a fiddle, followed him to the door of the supper-room, and burst into the midst of the assemblage, all scraping their violins in a dissonant screech, and yelling in chorus—

Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

In the belief of many of the guests that this uncouth and boisterous pageant constituted a portion of the night's entertainment, and that the performers were destined to enact some species of mask, the first cries and faint screams of the females were rather indicative of surprise than dismay; while the rest preserved silence, in order to gather, if possible, the meaning of the scene. Meanwhile, Sir Matthew, still plying his screeching fiddle and hiccoughing his Bacchanalian chorus, advanced to the head of the table, and, fixing his fuddled grapy eye upon her Grace of Harrowgate, stammered out—"What, hey, are you the moon-faced Duchess?—hick! very glad to see—no—ar'nt glad at all—not my doing—all Meg's—hick! But now you're come I'll give 'ee a buss not—notwith—notwithstand—hick!"

The first person that seemed to comprehend Sir Matthew's real plight, was the Honourable Augustus Fortescue Sidney Clavering, a sprig of nobility and a coronet of dragoons, who, after peering at him through a jewelled eye-glass, ejaculated with a distastful look, and in an effeminate lisping voice—"Ah I hope to be thaved! the nathty fellow 'th beathtly drunk!" This had already been discovered to be the case with the Baronet's companions, who, in the fond, maudlin blindness of intoxication, had offered to salute some of the mummy-like dowagers, and rouged scraggy countesses, occasioning a shrieking dismay, and confusion, which it would be difficult to describe. In the midst of this hubbub, the reeling Alderman put his audacious arm round the fat throat of the Duchess, and attempted to salute her cheek, when her Grace, struggling to avoid the indignity, escaped from the embrace, leaving in his arm not only her *toque* and its splendid ornaments but the entire wig that concealed the ravages of time upon her head.

Heavens and earth! was ever such a profanation known? The dictatress of the *haut ton*; the queen of fashion, the autocratrix of the exclusives and the inaccessibles, to be thus exhibited to the *élite* of her subjects, sitting upon her throne with a bald pate!! Even the inebriated Sir Matthew seemed, by his solid and bewildered stare, to be struck aghast at this unexpected apparition of a bare scalp; but, as he discovered the cause of the phenomenon, he exclaimed—"Hey, what? little scull, big body—like a turnip on a sack of—Hick, hick, hick! Ha, ha, ha!"

The age of chivalary hath not altogether passed away. An indignant cry of—"Knock him down!" burst from the Knights and Cavaliers who had witnessed this inexplicable outrage, and several of those who surrounded the offender prepared to obey the summons; but the object of their wrath, always as bold in spirit as he was powerful in body, and enflamed by the vinous valour that delights in a scuffle, no sooner perceived their intention, than he brandished his violin as a weapon of defence, and whirled it round him with a sudden and vehement swing, which brought its extremity in collision with the scull of the Honourable Augustus Fortescue Sidney Clavering. The hollow sound that ensued, might have proceeded either from the instrument, or from the cranium upon which it impinged; but the effects upon the respective vacua were very different. With a lugubrious groan, the smashed violin breathed its last upon the spot, while the unwounded cornet merely measured his length upon the floor, beholding an incalculable number of additional lights, and ejaculating "Oh, the thocking, thanguinary thavage! Thave me! thave me! I am quite thure he hath thplit my theull!" He had nothing farther, however, to apprehend from his assailant, for Sir Matthew having overreached himself in the blow, tumbled beside his prostrate victim, and was utterly unable to rise again from the floor.

In other quarters of the room two or three of the common-council-men, not less pugnacious than their leader, struggled and fought with those who endeavoured to secure them; but they were forcibly expelled, and their companions fairly carried out of the apartment in the simultaneous rush, and dispersed them in search of their respective carriages, amid hysteric alcries, and indignant execrations, and vociferous orders, and clamorous footmen, and swearing coachmen, and a general confusion, such as had never before been witnessed in the respectable and well regulated purlieus of Portland Place. Either on foot or in carriages, for the withdrawing of the visitants rather resembled a disorderly flight, than an ordinary dispersion, the whole of the fashionables had presently betaken themselves to more appropriate haunts, leaving the scene of recent uproar to a melancholy tranquility. Although the Duchess, by the assistance of some of her friends, had almost instantly reëstablished herself in her *toque* and peruke, she was too much mortified by the exposure she had suffered, and her apprehension of the ridicule which would be entailed upon her by Tom Rashleigh's satirical muse, to proceed to any other party; and she, accordingly, returned home in a most splenetic mood, vexed beyond all measure that she should have subjected herself to so much humiliation and annoyance, and yet not have succeeded in procuring the desiderated husband for Miss Borradaile.

Sir Matthew, the unconscious Marplot of all his lady's schemes and devices, had fallen fast asleep upon the floor, whence he was raised, and carried to bed in the arms of his servants. The weeping and trembling Cecilia—for she was both grieved and terrified out of her customary composure—had already obeyed the orders of her mother, by retiring to her apartment. Lady Middleton, shortly afterwards, did the same, but sleep, in the agitated state of her mind, being entirely out of the question, she threw herself into an arm chair, covered her crimson face with her hands, as if she felt that she should never be able to show it again, and, bursting into an agony of tears, remained for a long time overwhelmed with a painful and humbling conflict of shame, rage and vexation.

Thus ended the grand *soirée musicale*, which had been planned and executed with so much care, cost, and contrivance, and which, from its first concoction to its final failure, had heaped upon the meanly ambitious Lady Middleton nothing but bitter disappointment and pitiable degradation.

From Atkinson's the Casket.

THE VISION OF LIBERTY.

Or, the World's complete Emancipation.

BY L. W. TRASK.

Percipient Muse, whose animating fire
Bids every soul to nobler deeds aspire,
Assist my strain, thy towering flame impart
To kindle love in every freeman's heart.
Piercing the dark and lurid gloom that rests
Between the present, and expected years,
The muse's vision all the earth explores,
Her rising prospects and her endless shores.
And lo! bright glories from the earth's domain,
Ascends to heaven and filled the ethereal plain;
The stars and sun with one reviving glow,
Beam heavenly radiance on the world below;
Rapt with the sight, extended forests leap,
And islands dance along the tumbling deep;
Enrapturing scenes amid the earth arise,
And laughing earth salutes the smiling skies.
The time arrives when LIBERTY pervades
The darkest spot of tyrants, and their shades,
The world rejoices, for the world is free
And songs resound to heavenly LIBERTY.
The cheerless islands of the northern wave,
The rocky coasts that southern oceans lave,
The burning [illegible] and the eastern isles—
Clothed with the joy of lovely Freedom's smiles,
Announce the conquests of that promised power,
And gladly hail the consummated hour.
Thrones burst asunder, sceptres fall to dust,
And mighty cannons are as crumbling rust,
Dungeons are rent, and tyrants victims bear
Their feeble bodies to the breathing air—
And bloody ensigns of the tyrant race,
No more the world or wiser man disgrace!
In this new realm Eternal truth pervades
The dusky mists of superstition's shades;
And horrid fanes defiled with human gore,
Shrink at her sight, and fall to rise no more.
From pole to pole, from sea to sea, her flight
Illumes the darkness of the heathen night,
And the bright glories of a future day,
Beam with effulgence on her earthly way.
Fair science shines with rich transparent rays
And to the realm of human mind essays;
With rapid wing she mounts the bending sky,
Observes how worlds in circling orbits fly,
How flaming suns in sure attraction draw
Vast orbs around by nature's ruling law;
Then down to earth her various labors tend,
Where ponderous strata in [illegible] circles bend—
Describes the boundary of the rolling waves,
The hidden pearls and distant coral caves—
And shows, arranged at one primeval birth,
How different strata form our solid earth.
In all her labors brilliant thought she finds,
That raises, elevates and cheers our minds.
Virtue, indigenous in Freedom's sway,
Wrests the cold sceptre of disgrace away,
Points up to home, recomforts the distressed,
And shows the place of perfect earthly rest.
As springing plants upon the flowery mead,
On sol's warm ray will only well succeed—
So virtue's graces and perfections run
And flourish best in freedom's lovely sun.
Mankind connected in one common joy,
Mankind disparted by no adverse [illegible]—
War shall no more give forth his bellowing breath,
Nor wing the sable instruments of death!
But peace eternal swings in every clime,
Till HEAVEN ordain the final close of time.
The canvass'd navies sail on every deep,
And agriculture graces every steep;
Extending cities rise in every strand,
And fair magnificence adorns the land!
Oh! lovely vision, tyranny is hurled!
And undistinguished glory crowns the world!
From star to star, the pleasing glory runs,
From worlds to worlds, and flaming suns to suns,
And should its course be bright as it portends,
Creation's bound its progress only ends!
Arise! ye freemen whom these flames inspire,
And show in *action*, what your hearts desire,
And live to see the good your deeds bestow,
When honour, virtue, GOD, are loved below!

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

ENG and CHANG are natives of a small village on the sea coast of Siam, called Maklong, about 60 miles from the capital. They were born in May, 1811, of Chinese parents, and are united to each other by a ligature, or band, about three and a half inches in length, and eight in circumference, formed at the extremity of the breast bone of each, and extending downwards to the abdomen. The upper part of the band is a strong cartilaginous substance; the lower part is soft and fleshy, and contains a tube or cavity, presumed to be about an inch an half in circumference. On the lower edge of the band, exactly in its centre, is situated the umbillicus or naval; (there being but ONE in common between them,) a pressure upon the lower part of the band when they cough, laugh, or sneeze, would cause considerable pain, which would be equally felt by each. If the connecting link be touched in the centre, both are equally sensible to it; but if half an inch from the centre it is only felt by one. There is nevertheless a considerable degree of nervous sympathy between the two bodies, but it is entirely overpowered by the operation of the mind. This was strongly proved at one time by Dr. Roget, Secretary to the Royal Society, by means of a galvanic experiment. I am clearly of opinion that there is a degree of muscular power in the band, and that strength is sometimes communicated from one to the other. The flexibility of the cartilage is so great, that they can readily turn those shoulders towards each other's which are outward when walking, indeed there probably would have been no difficulty in their walking either way, had they learned to do so when young. Their mother had a number of other children without any peculiarity, all of whom, excepting Chang and Eng, and a brother and sister, are dead.

Their father died when they were eight years of age; about the same time they were severely affected with the small pox, and shortly afterwards the measles; by both these disorders, they were equally ill, recovered at the same moment, and by the same remedies. Since that time they have never suffered by any illness excepting occasionally a slight cough. They have been several months at sea, but never were ill in consequence of it, so as to cause nausea, on the contrary, they were always remarkably well on shipboard, would frequently go aloft; and many times have expressed a wish that they might at some future day command a ship of their own.

Their parents were of the poorer class, and until the youths left their home, they were engaged in fishing, manufacturing cocoanut oil, keeping poultry, &c. for the support of their family. A visitor once asked them what was their occupation in their own country, when they facetiously answered that they were merchants having been engaged in the duck and egg trade.

They left Siam on the 1st of April, 1829, under the protection of Capt. Abel Coffin, on board the American ship Sachem, which was commanded by him, and who had obtained the consent of their parents and of the Government to their leaving the country. The mother and children were equally pleased with the voyage, as a sufficiency was left for her support, and all were aware of the respectability of those in whose charge they were placed. The youths never express any desire to return to their native country, excepting to visit their friends after which they hope to pass the remainder of their lives in Europe or America.

They are as near as possible of the same height, about five feet two inches; and finely formed in every respect, and possess a great degree of muscular power for persons of their size. I have known them to carry a person upwards of an hundred feet, whose weight was 280 pounds; and to throw others without any difficulty, whose weight much exceed theirs, which was, on the 1st of Jan 1831, 210 pounds, having gained 40 pounds within a year. They are remarkably agile can walk or run with great swiftness, and can swim as well as most single persons. Their activity can readily be imagined by those who have seen them playing at battledore and shuttlecock, a game of which they are particularly fond as combining exercise with recreation. They are very fond of hunting, are quite expert with the fowling-piece, and carry with them their shooting apparatus. Their hair, which is about four feet in length, is braided in the Chinese style. In doing this, in washing, dressing, or in any other occupation, they require no assistance, each acting for himself with as perfect ease as would an individual.

Their intellectual powers are very acute, and in this respect it has not been observed that one possesses the slightest degree of superiority over the other. The wisdom of Providence is herein strongly manifested; for did any mental superiority exist it would necessarily lead to contentions and struggles for pre-eminence, which happily is so far from being the case, that many who have visited them have left them under the impression that they were actuated by only one mind, so simultaneous were they in all their movements. They play at chess and draughts remarkably well, but never in opposition to each other, having been asked to do it, they replied that no more pleasure would be derived from it, than by playing with the right hand against the left.

They now dress in the fashion of this country. They are so conversant with the English language, that they can understand all that is said to them and converse with tolerable fluency; they are also very desirous to make themselves generally acquainted with the manners and customs of our country.

A volume might be filled by enumerating their shrewdness and keenness of remark; and to mention one or two instances here may not be deemed improper. A visiter once came into the room, who had but one eye, upon which they observed to the doorkeeper that the gentleman should have paid only half price for admission, as he only had half the chance to see which others had. On seeing a cripple who had lost both hands and feet, they made him a present, remarking that as they had four hands and he none; it was not only a pleasure, but their duty to assist him.

The ex-king of France, Charles X. once visited them in Liverpool, and on leaving them made them a present of a piece of gold; after he was gone, they observed that they supposed the reason why he gave them gold was because he had no crown. Indeed there are few who visit them, who escape their notice, and they generally amuse themselves and friends an hour or two in the evening, by relating some of the strange observations they have heard during the day and in remarks upon those they have seen at the exhibition room.

Their feelings are warm and affectionate, and their conduct amiable and well regulated. They are very susceptible, and an act of kindness or affectionate treatment of any description is never forgotten, while an injury or insult offered to one is equally resented by the other. They never enter into conversation or discussion with each other, because, possessing, as before observed, the same quantum of intellect, and having been placed constantly in the same circumstances, precisely the same effects have been produced upon the mind of each, therefore they have not that to communicate which two other beings would have under the common circumstances of distinct observation. It is occasionally observed that a simple remark may be made by one to the other, but I have never known them to enter into conversation with each other.—The attempt has been frequently made to engage them in separate conversations with different individuals, but without success, as they are invariably inclined to direct their attentions to the same thing at the same time.

In their movements the most perfect equanimity is observed, the one always concurring with the other so exactly, that they appear as if actuated by the common mind, and it is next to impossible, by the strictest scrutiny, to discover with which the impulse originates, whenever they arise of their own accord. In their necessary employments of life, or in their amusements, they have never been known to pass an angry word with each other; and whenever either wishes to pursue any particular course, he immediately follows the bent of his inclinations, without the least intimation by word or motion to the other, who, nevertheless, readily coincides, and without the slightest hesitation moves wherever the will of the former may direct. As the one always assents to the movements of the other, and as no words pass between them, it is curious to imagine how such assent is conveyed.

Their appetites are remarkably good, and they are now quite accustomed to, and pleased with, the general living of this country. Their usual beverage is tea, coffee, or water; wine or spirits they seldom taste. Their likings or distastes for particular food are the same precisely; whatever pleases one, gratifies a so the other; and any thing unpleasant to one, has the same effect upon the mind of his brother. This remark applies not only to food, but also to persons and things with which they come in contact. They invariably feel hunger and thirst at the same time, and the quantity of food taken by them is as nearly alike as possible.

Both feel the desire to sleep simultaneously, and they always awake at the same moment. I have never yet known one to be sleeping and the other awake at the same time; indeed, when asleep, so great is the nervous sympathy which exists between them, that a touch upon the body of either will awaken both. While in bed, they are not confined to any particular position, but rest on either side as may best suit their convenience, generally, however, with their faces towards each other. They usually sleep nine or ten hours each night, and quite soundly, when they do feel restless, and desire to vary their position, the one must roll entirely over the other, and they have frequently been observed to do this without either awaking or being apparently disturbed by the change.

Upon the possibility or otherwise of separating them by surgical means, some difference appears in the opinions of scientific men; ninety-nine in an hundred believe it altogether impossible, and all that it would be an experiment of such risk as not to be warranted, unless in the event of the death of one; and that it is considered as almost an impossibility, in consequence of the strong degree of circulation which is between them. It is however, to them a very unpleasant subject, and they feel quite averse to have it spoken of. They have often remarked that they never saw any single person as happy as they are, therefore they have no reason to wish for a change.

The humidity of a northern climate did not at first agree with them; the weather, on their arrival in England, being unceasingly damp and foggy, both, in consequence were severely affected by colds and coughs, in equal degrees, from which they recovered simultaneously. During the dark and foggy days, they would sometimes take a deadened coal from the grate, and holding it up, call it the London sun; and the day after their arrival there, it being necessary to have lighted candles in the drawing room at noon in consequence of the fog and smoke, they went to bed, insisting that it was not possible it could be day time. Snow they had never seen till they went to England, and on first viewing it they were much astonished, inquiring whether it was sugar or salt.

The youths arrived in the United States from their native country, in August, 1829; remained in America eight weeks, and embarked for London, where they arrived on the 19th November following. They remained in great Britain until January, 1831 having travelled upwards of 2500 miles in the kingdom, and received the visits of about 300,000 individuals in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Bath, Leeds, York, Sheffield, Bristol, Birmingham, and most of the principal cities and towns in the kingdom. They were honored by visits from her Majesty, Queen Adelaide, and others of the royal family, the foreign ambassadors, nobility, and by the most of the philosophers and scientific men of the age. They have travelled in all the United States except Vermont, Missouri, and Illinois.

Having thus, in order to gratify public curiosity hastily put together a few prominent facts regarding this extraordinary variety in the works of Almighty power, it need scarcely be observed that the most fastidious female will find nothing in the exhibition to wound her delicate feelings. Ladies of the first rank both in Europe and America, have visited them daily in great numbers; and of all who have honored them with their company, none have appeared more gratified than the gentler sex.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

[illegible]

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, September 20.

COAL TRADE OF THE SCHUYLKILL.—Dispatched last week with coal, [illegible] Tons.

108 boats, carrying		4,575
2479 per last report		107,036
2587		111,611
40[illegible] boats Little Schuylkill		20,747
2[illegible]		132,358

BALLOON ASCENSION.

Our citizens were again in motion on Monday afternoon, to witness the proposed ascension of Mr. Mills, from the enclosure on Broad street, opposite the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Notwithstanding the recent disappointment, occasioned by the failure of Mr. Elliott to ascend as was announced, entire confidence was expressed that Mr. Mills would be successful, and the number in attendance, in the vicinity of the scene selected for the preparatory operations, was far greater than on the occasion of his first ascent. Within the enclosure there were probably two thousand persons, one fourth of whom were ladies, and the roofs of all the adjacent houses, overlooking the yard, were lined with citizens.

Order and regularity prevailed throughout. The process of inflation was conducted with entire success. The gas was made from zinc and proved of a superior quality, being much lighter than that made from iron. A few minutes before half past four, the car was attached to the balloon, and Mr. Mills took his position, having first provided himself with a good glass, thermometer, barometer, and some chemical apparatus, furnished by Professor Johnson, with a view of attempting some experiments on electricity in the upper regions. All matters being arranged the last cord was cut, and the balloon and car rose majestically above the heads of the admiring spectators.

The ascent of the balloon, for a time was nearly perpendicular. It then diverged a little to the north and east, but subsequently passed over the city westwardly. It attained a great elevation, and continued in sight nearly two hours. Mr. Mills descended, about seven o'clock, on the Lancaster turnpike, near the Second Eagle Tavern, about fourteen miles from the city. He reached the ground in safety, and secured his balloon and apparatus, without injury or loss. This ascension is unhesitatingly regarded as the most beautiful and satisfactory that has ever been made from this city. Mr. M.'s journal of observations we shall probably be able to furnish to-morrow.

Mr. Mill's balloon is 28 feet in diameter, and it contains over 11,000 cubic feet. Five hundred and seventeen yards of white silk, carefully varnished, were used in its manufacture. Over the balloon there is a netting of white twine, to which the car is attached. The car is made of the material used in constructing baskets, substantially put together, but formed as lightly as is consistent with the safety of the aeronaut.

GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK—WALL ST. CHURCH DESTROYED.

The elegant church in Wall street, New York, known as the First Presbyterian Church, was discovered to be on fire, about half past five o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The moment the alarm was given—says a slip from the office of the Journal of Commerce—we hastened to the residence of a friend, which overlooks and nearly adjoins the church, and from the upper windows had a perfect view of the conflagration, which was at once awful and magnificent. When we reached our point of observation, a sheet of flame was streaming through the roof, a little to the east of the ridge, and about two-thirds the distance from the steeple to the rear of the building. For a considerable extent in every direction from this flame, smoke was pressing upwards through the shingles, and ere long the whole body of the roof was a mass of living fire, sending forth such volumes of flame as we scarcely ever witnessed, although we have been present at nearly every conflagration which has occurred in this city for the last six years. The contiguity of the flames had attracted vast multitudes to the spot, and by this time several thousand persons were present, gazing with intense interest upon the spectacle before them. The fire now ascended the steeple, both from within and without, the bell in the mean time being rung till the rope burnt off, and portions of the roof successively falling in, and passing through the ceiling into the body of the church. We must leave the imagination of the reader to picture the scene of this moment, for language cannot do it. The steeple burned with more fury even than the roof.

At length the bell, that had so faithfully sounded the alarm on this as on other occasions, fell a victim to its own steadfastness, and down it tumbled, through we know not how many floors, till it found a resting-place. The top of the Cupola, which of course was last to take fire, remained but partially burnt, when the timbers that supported it gave way, and down it came with a heavy crash into the body of the church. In the sequel, every part of the building that was com

...

tions about the room. A few others containing different liquids, were thrown from the shelves and broken, but no empty one had even fallen on its side. On a highly varnished new table, at which I had the night before been reading, the varnish became so fluid that it passed through the boards of several books, and they the next day appeared as if glued to the mahogany. From several large earthern jars sunk in the earth, the water was thrown in considerable quantity over the mouth, although in none of them was it nearer to the top than 3 to 4 feet. One singularity in the dog is remarked here, and it is, that immediately after the shock, whether strong or weak, the whole dogs of the place run to drink at the nearest water.

FORIEGN NEWS.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Late from Europe.

The Yazoo, Capt. Packard, arrived at this port Sunday evening from Havre, which place she left, on the 2nd of August, with Paris dates to the 1st ult. Nothing of interest had occured.

The chamber of Deputies, on the second day of its session, had transacted no business of importance.—Some difficulty had occured in relation to the occupancy of the Chair, which of right belonged to the oldest member, but he being a Carlist, had declined attending on the first day of the session, when the King delivered his address, and in consequence another was chosen to take his place. On the second day he presented himself and claimed the chair, which was refused him.

SPEECH OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN—OPENING OF THE CORTES.—The Queen Regent opened the Cortes in person on the 24th of July, the day which she had designated for that purpose. Great rejoicings took place in consequence, both in the capital and throughout the kingdom. We give the substance of this important document, from the Journal of Commerce of this morning. It may be looked upon as the most momentous epoch that has ever occurred in Spanish history; as that country may now take rank as a limited monarchy, sustained by the representative voice of the people duly expressed in the two chambers of Proceres (Dignitaries of the Realm) and Procuradores (or Deputies.) France and England and Portugal will use their united exertions to uphold the new order of things. Our own commercial relations will be largely benefitted, and Spain—unfortunate but noble Spain—disenthralled from the chains of the Inquisition, will now take rank among the nations of the earth.

She commences by saying she wishes to establish the rights of her illustrious daughter with those of the nation, "by giving to both as a common basis the ancient institution of these realms." She deplores the lamentable disturbances which had recently existed in the capital; but a subject of deeper regret, she adds, is "the course pursued by an evil prince, who, even during the life of the king, (his brother) began to give tokens of his ambitious designs—and who, since the death of my august husband, has attempted, by means of civil war, to snatch the sceptre from its legitimate heir." She then calls upon the Cortes, and tells them that upon their decisions depend the tranquillity and

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bickham, [illegible]

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 19, 1834.

[illegible]

SALES OF STOCK, Sept. 15.
At the Philadelphia Stock and Exchange Board

[illegible]

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, sept. 20, 1834.

Publication Office, No. 36 Carter's Alley, opposite the Girard Bank.

, Mr. Adrian N. Bourden, is Agent for Atkinson's Periodicals at Petersburg, Virginia. The subscribers in the vicinity are respectfully requested to make settlements with Mr. Bourden.

☞ On our first page will be found a very interesting extract from "Gale Middleton," a new novel, published by Carey and Hart, of this city. It is deserving of attentive perusal. Gale Middleton is one of the best novels we have ever perused.

Those of our patrons who approve of the *Botanic System of Medicine*, will find an advertisement in another column, relative to Dr. Howard's improved system of botanic medicine—Thomas Cooke being agent for the sale of the above work, which, we understand, has been exceedingly rapid.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The individuals whose names are here appended, stand indebted to this establishment for the Saturday Evening Post or Casket, to the respective amounts here stated. They have all removed from the places where they ordered their papers to be sent, without settling up arrearages, and we know not where to address their bills. Consequently, we adopt this measure—the only one left—to remind them of their indebtedness to us, and to solicit a prompt remittance of their dues, which will be a sufficient apology for their *forgetfulness*.

Names.	*Late Residence.*		*Amount Due.*
Jno. M. Van Fries,	Chambersburg, Pa.	Post	$1 25
G. Fitzhugh,	Millville, Va.	do.	6 00
S. Nottings,	Columbia, S. C.	do.	3 50
Martha Nutting,	do. do.	do.	6 00
Charles Bishop,	New Rochelle, N. Y.	do.	6 00
Jno. W Crosby,	Bragg's Store, Ala.	do.	3 00
Lewis Sturdivant,	Montgomery, Ala.	do.	3 00
Levi Cobb,	do. do.	do.	3 00
W. R. Wicks,	Stockbridge, N. Y.	Casket	3 00
A. W. Budlong,	Genoa, N. Y.	do.	9 00
David B. Gilbert,	Bucks, Mic. Ter.	do.	6 00
Francis Ruchie,	Little Rock, Ark. Ter.	do.	7 00
G. Blonner,	Florence, Ala.	do.	5 00
Major Patton,	La Grange, Ala.	do.	6 00
Wm. D. Hart, Esq.	do.	do.	7 00
Thos. Degraftenried,	do.	do.	7 00
Gen. George H. Jones.	do.	do.	6 00
John Burrus,	do.	do.	7 00
Wm. H. Moon,	do.	do.	7 00
John Fox,	do.	do.	6 00

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of the Horticultural Society, was opened in the Masonic Hall, of this city, on Wednesday last, and during the days it was continued open, was visited by a large number of ladies and gentlemen of this city. Much neatness and taste, were shown in the arrangement of the Hall, and the display of plants, flowers, vegetables, &c. presented, was eminently beautiful and brilliant.

Notwithstanding the season has been unfavorable for the growth of fruits, there was a rich display of peaches, pears, apples, grapes, quinces, plums, pippins, melons, &c. from various gardens in and near Philadelphia.

The preserving citron melons, furnished by Mr. Hatch, of Camden, attracted much notice. They were beautifully variegated, and presented a most lucious and tempting appearance.

There were also among the fruits, a plate of superior quinces, contributed by William Ruster, and a lot of lemons, from the garden of William Watson, Burlington, larger than any we ever before noticed.

The vegetables also, were remarkable for their superior quality, and the display of flowers, plants, &c. was unusually splendid. The gardens of Messrs. McAran, Bruist, Landreth, Carr, Parker, Uber, Smith, D'Arras, Pratt and Gratz, were all laid under contribution. Forty-eight varieties of the dahlia, were furnished by Mr. Bruist, and nearly as many by Messrs. Carr and Gratz. All who visited the exhibition, were delighted with the beautiful display of nature's works, and much credit is awarded to the managers for their skill and attention in the arrangement of the rooms.

The public, it is probable, are not generally aware that a locomotive engine is now running daily on the rail road, between this city and Germantown. The trip—a distance of six miles—is made in less than half an hour, and the cost is but twelve and a half cents. The rail-road passes through a beautiful section of Philadelphia county, and those who need recreation, can scarcely do better than to take a ride on a car in all [illegible]

LITERARY NOTICES.

"The Law Library," edited by Mr. Purdon, and published by Mr. John S. Littell, law bookseller, George street, has already been issued. The regularity with which this valuable periodical is issued, is a strong recommendation, apart from intrinsic and permanent value of its contents, and the beauty of its mechanical execution.

The *October* number of the Library, contains the commencement of "A Treatise on the Law of Landlord and Tenant; to which is added, an Appendix of Precedents—by Robert Buckley Comyn, Esq. (now one of the Judges of his Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras,) enlarged and corrected by George Chilton, Jun. Esq. of the Inner Temple."—This important work will be concluded in the November number of the Law Library. The cost of the English copy of this treatise, is about $8. To the subscribers of the Library, it is furnished, in a beautiful dress, for *one dollar and sixty-six cents.*

WRITINGS OF MRS. SHERWOOD.

The Harpers of New York, have just published the fourth volume of the uniform edition of the writings of Mrs. Sherwood. It contains the following tales—Indian Pilgrim, the Broken Hyacinth, with an engraving, the Little Woodman, the Babes in the Woods, Clara Stephens, Katharine Seward, Mary Anne, the Iron Cage, the Little Beggars. All these, like the stories which occupy the previous volumes, inculcate the purest lessons of morality, virtue and religion. These volumes should have a place in every family library.

Mr. Stewart's Sketches of Society in Great Britain and Ireland, which we announced as forthcoming, last week, has just been published, by Carey, Lea and Blanchard. It is replete with valuable information, and fully meets our expectations. We hope to be able to furnish some extracts next week.

The American Quarterly Review, for September, has just been published. It contains eight well-written articles, viz: Life and policy of Canning; Italian Poets; Kay's Caffaria; Shirley's Plays; Diplomatic Correspondence; History of the United States; Egypt and Mohammed Ali; and Executive power.

These papers evidence much learning, and able critical talents, and will be read with interest.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

New York.—A State Convention of the friends of the Administration, was held at Herkimer, N. York, week before last, when *William L. Marcy*, the present incumbent, was nominated for Governor, and *John L. Tracy*, for Lieutenant Governor.

The Whigs of New York, have nominated William H. Seward, of Cayuga county, as their candidate for Governor, and Silas M. Stilwell for Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Granger declined being a candidate.

Maine.—A warm election contest has just closed in this state. Dunlap, the Jackson candidate for Governor, has succeeded by a small majority. The Whigs, last year, had but one Congressman; this year they have elected two, and perhaps three. The Administration will have a small majority in the legislature.

South Carolina.—The election for Intendant and other city officers, took place in Charleston, on Monday, the 1st inst. The Nullifiers carried all before them, as usual, but by an increased majority. Highest "State Right" vote, 925; Union 697—majority 228. The majority of the same party in 1832, was 160.

Illinois.—Returns from nearly all the counties in the State, give Gen. Duncan a majority of 3,000 for Governor, and Mr. Jenkins for Lieutenant Governor, about 3,000.—There is no question of the election of Messrs. Reynolds, Casey, and May, to Congress, though the majority of the latter is not yet ascertained.

Georgia.—An election for Aldermen took place in Savannah, a few days since, which terminated in the success of the Union ticket, by a majority of over two hundred votes.

MICHIGAN TERRITORY.

The bill authorising a census to be taken of the population of this territory, requires a return to be made in November next, to which time the Legislative Council has adjourned. Should the population amount to sixty thousand, the people will be called on to elect delegates to a convention for the adoption of a State Constitution.

NEW YORK.

The general election in the state of New York, takes place on the 3rd, 4th and 5th of November. There are then to be chosen—Governor and Lieut. Governor—Senators and Representatives to the Legislature—and members of the next Congress. In the New York district there are four members to be chosen; and also two members of the present Congress, to supply the vacancies occasioned by the resignation of, C. W. Lawrence and Dudley Selden. The nominations for Congress have not yet been announced by either party.

RHODE ISLAND.

The State Convention at Providence has adjourned, after preparing certain articles of amendment to what is called the "Constitution of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," which are to be submitted to the people for their approval. The right of suffrage by the proposed articles, is to remain limited by the present freehold qualification. A change has been made in the constitution of the Senate, by which the number of its members is to be augmented to fifteen, who are to be elected in the several counties, and are apportioned among them for that purpose. The number of representatives is increased to 83. Judges of the Supreme Court are to be elected for six years, in such a manner, that the term of one will expire every two years. General officers are to be elected by a plurality of votes. Two articles, one of which relates to amendments, have been postponed until the second Monday of November.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOLS.

Professor Alan, President of Randolph Macon College, Alabama, lately delivered his inaugural address, in which he warmly advocates the establishment of Manual Labor Schools, for the promotion of education among the less wealthy class of the community. He says:—

"A monopoly of education, whether obtained by management or accident, or by legal enactments, is a thousand times more odious than a system of tythes." He concludes:

"There is another aspect of this subject which gives it peculiar claims upon our attention. Liberal education is comparatively dear in the Southern States, and its benefits are almost wholly confined to the sons of our more opulent citizens. In other parts of the country, where labor is honourable and profitable, and education cheap, many poor young men defray the whole expense of a collegiate course, by their own industry. Such examples, if they ever occur, are very rare in the slave holding States. The popular mind is not excited to action by the strong stimulus of thorough elementary instruction, and if the impulses of an ennobling ambition are felt by the aspiring but unportioned youth, they are often repressed by the appalling difficulties that throng his way to knowledge and distinction. Any improvement in our literary institutions, such as the manual labor system proposes, by which the enterprising and resolute may be enabled to educate themselves, offers the readiest and best, and probably, the only means of intellectual culture and moral elevation to the most important, because the most numerous, class of society—a class to which the community must chiefly look for competent teachers, and the church for able ministers."

Another Steam-boat Explosion and Loss of Lives.

We learn from the Mobile Advertiser of the 4th instant, that on the Monday previous, the steam-boat Tom, burst her boilers, while stopping at Blakeley, to exchange mails. By this accident three persons were killed. Fears are entertained that others who have not been found are also dead, and that one or two who are badly injured, will not recover. The boat we understand was broken, about midships, and almost instantly sunk in about 35 or 40 feet water. Some of the trunks on board it is feared are lost, though it is said one mail bag was picked up afloat. The persons dead are, James C. Cook, first engineer, a carpenter by the name of Wilson, and a fireman belonging to Mr. Wm. Kitchen. Mr. and Mrs. Heish, passengers, and Charles Winman, assistant engineer, were badly scalded; the first dangerously. Mr. Samuel Barnett, of Tuscaloosa, a passenger, was slightly scalded. No cause is assigned for this dreadful accident.

Memoranda.—The election for three Representatives to Congress, to supply vacancies, takes place in Connecticut, Oct 6th; the general election in Georgia, and Maryland, Oct. 6th; the general election in New Jersey, Oct. 14th and 15th; the general election in Pennsylvania, Oct. 14th; in Ohio, the same; in New York, Nov. 4th, 5th and 6th. At all these elections except in Connecticut, Representatives are to be chosen for the 24th Congress. In Louisiana, Illinois, Vermont, and Maine, they have already been chosen.

LOTTERIES.

The Pennsylvania Society for the suppression of lotteries, have lately issued an able address to the public, on the subject of the general evils of the lottery system, in connection with the reasons and objects of their own association. It forms a pamphlet of 19 pages. We have not room for the whole, and would ask attention to the following extract:

The effects of the Lottery are not confined to the adventurer alone. The domestic misery it entails, the dark passions which it engenders and cherishes, are to be read in the hapless story of many an ill-fated family. It is only necessary to peruse well authenticated examples of its influence to be satisfied, that it presents in the aggregate as much and diversified wretchedness, as much and multiform vice and crime as any engine which the genius of man has invented for the affliction and debasement of his fellow. One trait of the lottery, as distinguished from other gaming is, that it leads into its vortex the poor, the laborious, and the simple, no less than the swaggering gamester, the idler, and the libertine. By the minute subdivision of tickets, a chance is brought within the means of the chimney-sweep, the servant, and the apprentice. When by successive losses these means are exhausted, they resort to theft with the view to a further venture. Again they are disappointed, and again they steal, until by repetition the sense of honesty is blunted or gone; they increase in the amount and character of their frauds until they become fit inmates of a prison or penitentiary. But unheeding distinction or restraint, it ascends to the elevated stations in society. The desire of immediate wealth is often found to be irresistable. This desire, by indulgence, becomes an engrossing passion. Speculations in the lottery can be carried on in secret. It is thus that even the most estimable men are decoyed from the path of virtue and propriety, who would shrink from the infamy of ordinary gambling; they embark by little and little; an occasional gleam of *good fortune* and the flattering promises of their lottery friends, keep alive, in its intensity, the ardour of hope, until they grow desperate, and are ruined.

If it be thus injurious to the citizen, the objects for which it is intended, the public purposes to which it is applied, furnish little palliation. It it be an engine of private mischief, it is little apology to say that it was designed for a public good. But in the examination of the public benefits it confers, we shall find that the lottery system, considered as a public measure, is as deceptive and illusory as the promises which each successive scheme holds out to its votaries. In England, it is acknowledged, that it occasioned a positive loss to the government, by producing an amount of pauperism which its profits were wholly insufficient to countervail. In this country, when we consider its pervading and undistinguishing influence, the victims it allures, the extent to which they adventure, and its calamitous effects, as shown by the records of our insolvent courts, almshouses, and prisons, there can be little doubt that a computation would lead us to the same result. The benefits to the community accruing from lottery grants, have been sadly overrated. In many instances, they not only scatter far and wide the seeds of poverty and ruin to the purchasers of tickets, but they produce insolvency in the recipients of the grants themselves. Witness the declarations of Yates & M'Intyre, in their petitions to the legislature of Pennsylvania, on the subject of their contract with the Union Canal Company. Two lotteries of Maine, authorised in the year 1831, after issuing schemes to the amount of $60,000, were able to leave only the miserable pittance of $14 21 in the treasury, after paying the disbursements. The Plymouth Beach Lottery, authorised by the legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1812, issued schemes in the course of nine years, amounting to $886,489 75. The whole sum realized to the town of Plymouth, from these large issues, was the inadequate total of $9,876 17. A still more striking illustration is presented in the case of the Union Canal Company. The grant was originally to two companies, who between the years 1795 and 1811, a period of sixteen years, succeeded in raising the sum of $60,000. At the latter period referred to, the grant which terminated with the last year, was made to the existing corporation for the purpose of raising $340,000. In the twenty-two years, during which this grant was in existence, schemes were issued, exceeding the frightful aggregate of *thirty-three millions of dollars*, without yielding to the company the sum authorized by the grant.

It is evident from this exhibition, that either from the enormous expenses incident to the system, or from the extravagant and defective mode of its administration, prodigious sums are extracted from the people without a corresponding return—that schemes may be issued amounting to thousands, without producing a *single hundred* to the object in view! Considered as a tax, or a means of revenue, it is to be deemed unwise, impolitic, and defective, since, by the immense assessments which it imposes, it must exhaust the pecuniary abilities of a people. It is unequal in its operations, because it is not a burden levied with justice in proportion to the amount of property enjoyed, but comes from the idleness, the poverty, and the recklessness of its contributors. As it depends for its encouragement upon vice or credulity, it must impart aliment to those dispositions and qualities, the prevalence of which is indispensable to its success.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.

The trial of George Gill, for the murder of John Fletcher was commenced on Wednesday morning, before the Judges of the Court of Oyer and Terminer.

The crime alleged is a most savage and unprovoked attack and murder with an axe and Spanish dirk, and subsequent concealment and interment of the corpse in the cellar. The main testimony is a female of about 40 years of age, who kept house for the prisoner and deceased, and though the evidence is entirely circumstantial, (no one being present at the actual perpetration,) yet her details are exceedingly interesting, as presenting a picture of human depravity, which, if believed, will shock the coolest observer of morals. The witness is a woman of strong mind and sound sense, is clear and intelligible, though we have learned her testimony and credibility will be attacked.

The prisoner is a stout, muscular man of about 37 years of age, preserves throughout an indifferent though profound attention, occasionally making written memoranda which he gives to his counsel, (D. B. Brown and G. L. Ashmead, Esqrs.) The prosecution is conducted by Mr. Dallas, Attorney General, and we are promised a full report, which we shall forthwith give to our readers.

SNAKE STORIES.

Marvellous snake stories have wonderfully increased of late, since the Sea Serpent humbug has been exploded. The community, it would seem, constantly require some food for excitement, and nothing is consumed with more avidity, than an incredible story of a snake, or some other slimy reptile. Annexed are two relations, which we regard as the best inventions of the sort we have lately met with.

Astonishing Curiosity.—On the evening of the 13th inst. a gentleman in this village found in his wine cellar, a *live striped snake*, nine inches long, suspended between two shelves, by the tail, by spiders' web. The snake hung so that his head could not reach the shelf below him, by about an inch; and several large spiders were then upon him, sucking his juices. The shelves were about two feet apart; and the lower one was just below the bottom of a cellar window through which the snake probably passed into it. From the shelf above there was a web in the shape of an inverted cone, eight or ten inches in diameter at the top, and concentrated to a focus about six or eight inches from the under side of this shelf. From this focus there was a strong cord made of the multiplied threads of the spiders' web, apparently as large as common sewing silk, and by this cord the snake was suspended.

Upon a critical examination through a magnifying glass, the following curious facts appeared. The mouth of the snake was fast tied up, by a great number of threads wound around it, so tight that he could not run out his tongue. His tail was tied in a knot, so as to leave a small loop or ring, through which the cord was fastened; and the end of the tail, above this loop, to the length of something over half an inch, was lashed fast to the cord, to keep it from slipping. As the snake hung, the length of the cord, from his tail, to the focus to which it was fastened, was about six inches; and a little above the tail there was observed a round ball about the size of a pea. Upon inspection, this appeared to be a green fly, around which the cord had been wound, as the windlass, with which the snake had been hauled up; and a great number of threads had been fastened to the cords above, and to the rolling side of the ball, to keep it from unwinding and letting the snake down. The cord, therefore, must have extended from the focus of the web to the shelf below, where the snake was lying when first captured; and being made fast to the loop in his tail, the fly was carried and fastened about midway, to the side of the cord. And then, by rolling this fly over and over, it wound the cord around it, both from above and below, until the snake was raised to the proper height, and then was fastened, as before mentioned.

In this situation the poor snake hung, alive, and furnished a continual feast for several large spiders, until Saturday forenoon, the 16th—when some persons, by playing with him, broke the web, above the focus, so as to let part of his body rest upon the shelf below. In this situation he lingered, the spiders taking no notice of him until Thursday last, eight days after he was discovered; when some large ants were found devouring his dead body.—*Batavia Times.*

Snake Story.—The wife and daughter of Mr. John Lamphear, in this neighborhood, witnessed, a few days since, a singular encounter between two large striped snakes. They were attracted to the scene of conflict by a strange noise, similar to the screamings of fowls when attacked by a hawk, which in reality proceeded from a large frog in the act of being swallowed by the two snakes, each contending *snakefully* for the sole possession of the poor frog, which was drawn into the throat of each snake, about equally, from the hind leg as far as the neck; when either by accident or management, the upper jaw was thrown back over the eyes of one snake, and the nether jaw over the face of the other, so that they were completely blindfolded. In this situation, intent on engorging the frog, moaning piteously, they lash each other and the ground with their bodies, which sometimes becoming intertwined their full length, they raise them in the air perpendicularly, and bring them down again on the other side, smiting the earth with a serpent's malice. Thus, unconscious of evidence to their strife, they are arrested by the usual household weapons of offence and defence, shovel and tongs, in the hands of Mrs. L. and daughter, with which they kill the snakes and give liberty to the frog. The ladies aver that one snake in his wrath exchanged his stripes for spots, and instead of the common striped snake, he became in appearance, the spotted house adder.—*Chatauque Whig.*

A posse of watchmen arrested yesterday morning about two o'clock, five lads, dressed in the firemen's uniform, who, for sport and pleasure, with a number of others, were dragging engine No. 4 through the streets, shouting out "fire! fire!" at the top of their voices though there was no cause for alarm. We are glad that some efforts are making to check the growing evil of boys congregating in engine houses, in the absence of the firemen, drinking, gambling, and swearing, to the annoyance of the neighborhood in its vicinity.—The engine house has been the ruin of many a lad, and we hope the firemen will not longer allow them to have keys, which almost every little bantling, from 12 to 16, has in his possession, and may be seen at the corner of streets vociferating loudly "this is a goose, and that's a cutter," talking of overflowing, the length of leader, and with mathematical precision calculating the strokes of the piston. The regular members of the engine were not acquainted with the affair till morning. The boys were bound over in the sum of $300, to answer at the next sessions.—*New York Star.*

An Escape.—On Monday night, at the Park theatre, says the New York Star, a gentleman came up to the officer and showed him his pocket, which had been cut, and from which his pocket book, containing from 30 to 40 dollars, had been withdrawn by some dexterous thief. He expressed great joy at the event, and seemed delighted. The officer looked with amazement and thought the man crazy; but the sequel proved how much he had to congratulate himself upon. On being questioned by the officer, he stated that previous to coming to the theatre, by the merest chance, he took out of his pocket book $3300, the whole of his worldly wealth, which had he lost would have reduced him to poverty and despair, and might have forced him to madness and death.

NAPOLEON AT ERFURT.

Napoleon had brought to Erfurt the principal actors of the French Theatre—Talma, Miss Duchesnois, Miss Mars, the beautiful Georges, and the charming Bourgoing, played several times a week, before the august assembly of Emperors and Kings, congregated at this place. A small theatre discovered in the old Jesuit College, had been arranged for the purpose, with a promptitude and elegance truly French. Box tickets for each representation, were distributed among the foreign and native ladies. But it was difficult to obtain them. My friends and myself to procure them, were obliged to carry on a long correspondence with our acquaintances, belonging to the suite of the Grand Duke of Weimar. Through them after great exertion on their part, we obtained tickets for the tragedy of Œdipus, in which Talma and Mademoiselle Raucourt were to perform.

Our party went in carriages from Weimar to Erfurt. We left our tickets at the inn, where we stopped, and set out for a promenade. The overwhelming mass of people in the street, soon obliged us to return. On counting our tickets over after our return, we were stupified on finding that two had disappeared; we moved every thing in the rooms, but the tickets had gone. A tavern boy had probably profited by them, for the theatre tickets had given rise to considerable traffic—strangers arriving in the city, without acquaintances, gave frequently for them a louis d'or a piece.

Ah, if we only had some officers with us, said with a sigh, the youngest of the company; for a soldier with a decoration, was equal to a ticket. It was an excellent idea. Among our acquaintances at Erfurt we quickly found some officers, and it was under their protection that we approached the theatre, through the crowd which beset its avenues. At the top of the stairs we were received by a soldier of the guard with a frightful physiognomy, who distributed our company in several boxes which as yet were nearly empty.

I was fortunate enough to be placed with two of my friends in the front of a box near the stage, from whence we could see distinctly all that passed in the pit. We congratulated ourselves on our good fortune; but our joy was not of long duration. The boxes near us were crowded gradually to excess. The doors of our own suddenly opened—what! cried angrily, the soldier or the gen d'arme, I know not which, under whose guidance we had taken our seats—what, three women upon three chairs! There is room enough for six; with this he seated two ladies between us, who fortunately proved to be of our acquaintance.

All the boxes as well as our own, became fuller and fuller—we were dreadfully squeezed—we were scarcely able to move, and the heat was oppressive—but the importance of the grand spectacle which was forming before us, occupied our attention so completely, that we forgot the inconveniences of our position.

Immediately in front of the stage were placed two arm chairs for the two Emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, on both sides of which were ranged common chairs for the Kings and reigning Princes. The space behind these seats began to fill up. We saw enter the statesmen and generals of nearly all the European powers, men whose names were then celebrated, and have become in a measure historical. Uniforms glittering with gold, and an air of vivacity and assurance, enabled us to distinguish the Frenchmen from the Germans, who were more serious and more modest.—There was Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, Savary, Lannes, Duroc, and many others, equally celebrated—the greatness of the master seemed to be reflected in the features of each. There, was Goethe with his calm and dignified physiognomy, and the venerable Wieland. The Grand Duke of Weimar had brought them in his suite, to Erfurt. The Duke of Gotha, and many German Princes, reigning themselves, or allied to reigning houses, collected in a groupe around these two veterans of German literature.

The rolling beat of drums was heard without.—It is the Emperor, was the cry of the whole company. Blockheads, what are you about! cried out angrily to the drummers their commanding officer; it is only a King. A German King entered the hall; three more made their appearance shortly after. Thus entered without any noise or eclat, the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria and Wirtemberg. The King of Westphalia,* who arrived later, eclipsed them all by the richness of his embroidery and jewels. The Emperor Alexander, majestic in his appearance, entered afterwards. The great box opposite the stage, dazzled the eyes from the eclat which it spread over the hall. The Queen of Westphalia, covered over with diamonds set in the centre;—near her was the charming Stephanie, Grand Dutchess of Baden, more conspicuous even by her grace, than her splendid attire. Some German princesses were seated near these two reigning princesses. The gentlemen and ladies of their courts occupied the back part of the box.

At this moment Talleyrand made his appearance in a small box on a level with the pit erected near the stage, on account of the infirmity of his feet, which rendered him unable to stand even in the pit. The Emperor and the Kings came and stood before his box, in order to amuse themselves with the minister, who was himself very comfortably seated.

The whole world was there,—he alone who had caused this assemblage of the great was yet absent. He kept them long waiting.

Finally, again and more strongly the rolling of the drums was heard. All eyes turned with restless curiosity towards the place of entrance. At last appeared, the Emperor of the French, that man the most incomprehensible of every thing that that almost inconceivable epoch produced. Dressed as usual, in the most simple manner, he saluted slightly enough as he passed along, the sovereigns whom he had kept so long waiting, and took his place in his arm chair, at the right of the Emperor of Russia. His short, stout person, contrasted strongly with the noble bearing of Alexander. The four Kings took their places upon their chairs, and the play begun. In vain was it that Talma displayed all his art, Jocaste Raucourt all her beauty and talent, we had eyes and attention only for the pit before us. However the gens d'armes at the door of our box, did all that they could to complete our defective education, and to instruct us between the acts as to the etiquette to be observed in the presence of the master of the world.

Away with that opera glass—the Emperor does not like the—cried one of them bending over the ladies in the box behind us.

Sit up strait, and dont elongate the neck so; the Emperor does not like long necks, cried another.

There was much impatience felt at this, but we followed the examples of the Kings and Princes before us, and bore patiently from the French, what we were unable to change.

Immediately after the opening of the tragedy, which he had perhaps seen a hundred times, Napoleon having placed himself at ease in his arm chair, was sound asleep. He could, it is well known, at any hour of the day or night sleep when he wished. Eye witnesses assert, that in the midst of a decisive battle even, he would designedly take an hour or two of sleep, in order to recruit his energies, and that he would always wake at the hour he had designated.

The day of this representation at Erfurt, he had been engaged, for many hours together, in exercising his troops in the country.

It was a singular spectacle to us, to see thus in a sweet sleep, the terrible man, whose vast plans had caused the happiness or sorrow of half the earth. We could but contemplate, with astonishment mixed with fear, his beautiful antique profile, to which the sombre uniform of Alexander, served only as a foil.

Twenty-six years have elapsed since that period, scarcely the third of the life of man. Yet how many changes have been produced in that space of time? Where are the Kings, the mighty and the great, who were assembled in that hall? Where he who assembled them? He reposes forever upon the rock, around which roar the waves of the ocean. The short and splendid life of Alexander is past. The Kings of Saxony, Bavaria and Wirtemberg lie in their tombs of marble. The *ci-devant* King Jerome alone has survived them all. But his renown has vanished, with his fantastic royalty, like a dream of the morning.

*Jerome Bonaparte.

Deaf and Dumb Incendiaries.—Yesterday Thomas Blake, a tailor, of No. 2, Church-place, Kensington, Thomas Hook, a shoemaker, of the Vauxhall-walk, and Wm. Baynes, a painter, of Bowling-street, Westminster, were all brought before Mr. White, charged with having been very drunk and disorderly, in Vauxhall-walk, at an early hour in the morning.

The constable said that, since he apprehended the defendants, he had ascertained that they were all three deaf and dumb. About one o'clock in the morning he found them all very drunk in Vauxhall-walk, making a most extraordinary noise, between a scream and a moan. The disturbance was so great that he was compelled to take them to the station-house, and in the cell they continued to make the same strange noise, so that not a single person within the building could be at peace.

The defendants, in reply, wrote on a slate that they had "been out to a party."

They were fined 5s each, and on this sentence being written on a sheet of paper, one of them wrote that they had no money, and requested that one of their watches might be taken to a pawnbroker's and pledged, which was accordingly done, the fines were paid, and [illegible]

To Readers and Correspondents.

When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, please *always* mention at what post office their papers are received.

"The Duel," by Greenwood, has some good points, but many defects. The language is lively and spirited, but the most important incident is forced and unnatural. The behaviour of Harry towards Montrose, is irreconcilable with probability, and hence the subsequent explosion of his error, is without such effect. The writer has talents, and will probably be more successful in another attempt.

"Niagara Falls," by Ezra, will be published.

Albion's lines are passable, but the subject has been exhausted. Has not the writer sufficient ambition to attempt an untrodden path?

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Sept. 12.—Received from		*Received from*	
Henry West,	$3 00	N. P. Liles, Esq.	6 00
S. S. Palmer,	5 00	*Sept. 16.*	
George Vokes, Esq.	9 20	John T. Sutter,	5 00
G. Studley, Esq.	2 00	K. Tyner, Esq.	20 00
L. Eaton, Esq.	9 00	C. Wallace, Esq.	5 00
J. Ewing, Esq.	1 00	G. W. Ewer, Esq.	20 00
J. Kilborn, Esq.	1 00	T. H. Jackson,	2 00
Joseph Mathers,	5 00	J. E. Hunt, Esq.	9 00
Sept. 13.		*Sept. 17.*	
Samuel Horman,	1 25	E. P. Langdon,	145 50
R. G. Wooster,	2 00	R. C. Baker,	2 00
Nathan Harvey,	5 00	T. W. Harman,	5 00
Reuben Quimby, Esq.	7 00	J. Herbert, Esq.	5 00
Sept. 15.		T. Fletcher, Esq.	10 00
J. R. Gibson,	10 00	J. W. Ludlam, Esq.	2 50
Richard Forrest,	3 00	*Sept. 18.*	
Cottrell & Lamar,	2 00	W. Muir, & Co.	10 00
R. Hamlin, (nett)	4 62	D. S. Miller, Esq.	5 00
T. J. Richards,	5 00	A. Nason, Esq.	2 00
N. Fain, Esq.	5 00	D. E. Laller, Esq.	1 25
W. P. B. Gaines, Esq.	5 00	A. Purdy, Esq.	1 00
W. A. Almond, Esq.	5 00	W. E. Bruce, Esq.	2 00
W. Cannon, Esq.	2 00	J. H. Alexander, Esq.	2 50
A. Parsons, Esq.	1 00	P. Adams, Esq.	3 00
R. Cornelius, Esq.	2 00	J. M. Hadden, Esq.	1 00
G. B. DePeyster, Esq.	2 00		

Scene in a Private Mad House.

The following lines, descriptive of a scene in a private Mad House, are from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq. They were published in the National Intelligencer, about eight years since, the Editors of which paper introduced them with these remarks:—"If any one can read the following lines without shuddering in sympathy with the supposed captive, he must have a heart dead to every human feeling. The perusal of them had the more effect upon us, from the conviction we have for some time entertained, that insanity, when superinduced (not natural)—when it is an affection of the mind, and not a defect of organization—is often the consequence of the treatment of the disease—not merely of the estrangement of friends, of seclusion from the world, of coercion; but of the horrible dread of being thought mad by others. We recollect hearing of the case of an enlightened physician, who was carried by his friends to an Asylum for the insane, after exhibiting symptoms of an alienation of mind.—'My God, am I come to this? Never shall I leave these walls!' and he died within them, not many days after!"

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee.
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair,
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell,
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! jailer, haste that fate to tell!
Oh! haste, my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key!
He quits the grate! I knelt in vain!
His glimm'ring lamp, still, still I see!
'Tis gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold—no warmth! no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no! not mad!

'Tis sure some dream! some vision vain!
What! I, the child of rank and wealth!
And I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends and health!
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart! how burns my head,
But 'tis not mad—no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou my child, forgot ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung.
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thought away—
They'll make me mad—they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled—
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone—
None ever bore a lovelier child—
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty little lad?
I *will* be free—unbar the door—
I am not mad—I am not mad.

O, hark—what mean those dreadful cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks—
He comes—I see his glaring eyes—
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes—
Help—help—He's gone—Oh—fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see—
My brain, my brain—I know, I know
I am not mad—but soon *shall* be.

Yes, soon,—For lo, yon—while I speak—
Mark how yon demon's eye balls glare—
He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air
Horror—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart so crushed and sad,
Aye, laugh, ye fiends, I feel the truth—
Your task is done.—*I'm mad—I'm mad.*"

Professor Casper, of Berlin, has recently made some observations tending to show the comparative longevity of persons employed in different occupations, the result of which is, that of one hundred clergymen, forty-two reached the age of seventy; of 100 farmers, 40; of 100 military men, 32; of 100 lawyers, 29; and of 100 physicians, only 24. [illegible]

Elocution, Impediments of Speech. W. D. KING, PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION,

ANNOUNCES to the public that he has returned to [illegible]

Miriam, or the Power of Truth.

[illegible]

Broken Banks.

[illegible]

To Banks, Brokers, Merchants & Traders.

[illegible]

To Let

[illegible]

ALMANACK.				
1834. SEPT.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
20 Saturday,	5 56	6 4	3 54	
21 Sunday,	5 58	6 2	4 36	D. H. M.
22 Monday,	5 59	6 1	5 14	
23 Tuesday,	6 0	6 0	6 9	
24 Wednesday,	6 1	5 59	6 49	New 3 9 47
25 Thursday,	6 3	5 57	7 37	First 10 12 56
26 Friday,	6 4	5 56	8 27	Full 17 4 13
27 Saturday,	6 5	5 55	9 20	Last 25 9 26

Saving Fund Society.—The Northern Liberty, Kensington and Spring Garden Saving Fund Society, open on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, [illegible] o'clock, P. M. until 8, at their office, No. 320 North Third below Green street.

MARRIAGES.

September 9th, by the Rev. J. L. Dagg, Capt. John Moore, of Ripley, Ohio, to Mrs. Theodosia B. Rees, formerly of Pemberton, N. J.

On the evening of the 11th inst. by John Swift, Esq. Mayor, Jacob M. Ellis, to Hannah, daughter of the late Joseph Pryor, of this city.

On the 10th inst. at Friends' meeting, Bordentown, N. J., Warner Justice, of Philadelphia, to Hulah, daughter of Isaac Thorn, Jr. of the former place.

On Thursday morning, 11th inst. at Kensington, by the Rev. George Bord, John R. D. Maxwell, Esq. Belvidere, N. J., to Sarah, daughter of the late John C. Browne, deceased.

On the 22d of July last, by the Rev. Charles Pitman, Henry Kennedy, to Miss Elizabeth Conley, both of this city.

At Prospect hill, near Creagerstown, on Tuesday, the 2d inst. by the Rev. Elias Heiner, the Rev. J. W. Hoffmeier, Pastor of the Glade charge, and son of the Rev. J. H. Hoffmeier, of the city of Lancaster, to Miss Ann, daughter of the late George Zimmerman, near Creagerstown, Frederick county, Md.

On Tuesday evening, 2d inst. by Rev. C. Pitman, Mr. Samuel B. Rudolph, to Mrs. Agnes Dickson, both of this city.

On Saturday evening, 6th inst. by the same, Mr. John Hann, of Newton, N. Jersey, to Miss Sarah Fist, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 9th inst. by the same, Mr. Griffith P. Jones, to Miss Jane McElroy, both of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. Alexander Rigg, to Miss Hannah Mulan, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. William A. Wiggins, Mr. John Vandusen, to Miss Margaret Vaughan, daughter of Thos. Vaughan, Esq. all of Kensington.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Brantley, John Hanna, to Miss Clementina L. Stephens, both of Southwark.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. G. W. Berthoen, Mr. Charles C. Murray, to Miss Lydia, youngest daughter of Mr. Henry Schell, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by John Swift, Esq. Mayor, Charles C. Jackson, of this city, to Mary R. Wise, of Whitemarsh, Montgomery county.

On Sunday evening, 14th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. George Eckard, to Miss Margaret C. Nagle, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kitts, Mr. Benjamin P. Hollingsworth, to Miss Hannah Maria Lusher, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Benjamin J. Paxson, of this city, to Miss Caroline Finemore, of the Northern Liberties.

On Saturday evening, the 13th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Onderdonk, John G. Day, to Miss Emily M. Edwards, both of this city.

Sept. 11th, by Elder Fred'k Plummer, Mr. Joseph Ivins, to Miss Sarah Richardson, both of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. W. T. Sprole, Mr. Chas. Gilbert, of Savannah, (Georgia,) to Miss Hannah Null, of this city.

On Saturday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tyng, Mr. Charles Davis, to Miss Susan Heveningham, daughter of Mr. James Heveningham, all of England.

On Tuesday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Simon Wilmer, William Lippincott, to Mary Louisa, daughter of the late James Wilmer, Esq.

On Monday evening, 15th inst. by the Rev. Lawrence M. Coombs, Mr. William P. Banks, to Miss Ann A. Weston, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 16th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop White, J. Wilmot Sedford, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late John C. Richardson.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Wm. A. Wiggins, Mr. Joel Bateman, to Miss Priscilla Smith, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. M. B. Roach, Mr. Joseph Tatem, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Achsa S. daughter of Capt. Jeremiah Norgrave, of Southwark.

On Tuesday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. Simon Wilmer, William Lippincott, to Mary Louisa, daughter of the late James Wilmer, Esq.

On Third day evening, 16th inst. by John Swift, Mayor, Lewis A. Lukens, of Plymouth, Montgomery county, to Mary T. daughter of James Wood, of the former place.

On Monday evening, the 15th, by the Rev. Mr. McCarty, Mr. William Mahan, to Miss Alice McMenamon, both of Moyamensing.

DEATHS.

On Thursday, the 11th inst. after a short illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Robert Nichols, in the 84th year of his age.

At Toronto, of cholera, Mr. Robert Heron, aged 24 years. On being taken to the Hospital, an interesting young woman, to whom he was about to be married, applied for permission to see him, declaring she was his sister. She was admitted, and kissed the dying youth, showing much affection for him. Three hours afterwards she was brought into the same hospital of cholera, and her pillow is now the cold grave.

On Friday morning, in the 45th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Dayel.

In New York, on Wednesday afternoon, after nine days' illness, Ann Maria Willig, of this city, wife of Benjamin R. Lumming, of N. York.

On the 3d inst. at Detroit, M. T. of cholera, in the 22d year of his age, Robert W. Boyd, son of the late James Boyd, of this city.

Suddenly, Philip S. Markley, Esq. Counsellor at [illegible]

[illegible]

JUST PUBLISHED, ATKINSON'S CASKET, [illegible]

[illegible]

JUST PUBLISHED, THE BOOK OF NATURE, [illegible]

[illegible]

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. [illegible]

Five Dollars Reward. [illegible]

Wanted Immediately, [illegible]

SURGICAL NOTICE. [illegible]

French Millinery And Fancy Dress Making Establishment. [illegible]

Howard's Improved System of Botanic Medicine. [illegible]

For Sale or Rent. [illegible]

Wanted Immediately, [illegible]

Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J. [illegible]

LEHIGH COAL $4 75 PER TON. [illegible]

A few Gentlemen [illegible]

Baker's Intelligence Office, [illegible]

Brandywine Chalybeate Springs, [illegible]

Old Newspapers, [illegible]

Through the night of life,
May grace it all its flowers.

PETER FINDARUS.

A mill, stood with a very pert face,
The town at Acton;
Had a liberal share of business in the place,
A most industrious man was he,
As honest as the day is long,
Various and spirited;
But what was better, far the best of
Was the bodings daily, and got pie rolled,
Those all in vain to tell you with a sonnet,
For then they would not stand coupled together.

Award with an owl, although (alas for he!)
It should have been a dove, or else a donkey,
Pretty well as anything to hear the beast
Which had no social shelter to another
Than one on the other side of a narrow Border,
Who would to pay his rent a mew
By quarter, and he'd not remove'd high
In a long row cheap in July.

"Are you from Acton, pretty lass?" he cried:
"Yes, sir," she answer'd, simply, quite so coy,
"Why then you know the handsome Polly Wrench?"
"Oh, yes, sir, I've known her all my life, I vow,
"That's lucky—I've a message for the wench,
"Which is rich dogmatch, and you may save my le
Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,
But mind you don't forget, for that's the token:
"She shall know," cried the girl, as she brandished
Her bough,
"Of the loving message you just have sent;
But as to the kiss, as there is know you've
That you'd be fain to forward—give your own,
For she, at the rate she is conquering gone,
Will much Acton now monsters there be."

THE TURTLE AND THE TRAVELLER.

Turtle.—Why, with your waddings do these graves
Tar.—My mate, my Tottle,'s no where to be found!
Why, what's the matter, Tar? you seem confounded!
Turtle
Turtle.—Because my Tottle's to be found at home!

Jem.—An Epigram.
Of all Jobbins, his honesty tells us plain,
Heaven gave him doubt of curious luck again.
Jemmy, you must have a bad memory,
What would the prince not have done with him?

The Dunsman and the Sexton.—Some years
Ago a gentleman, a Mr. Dunsman, a native
one of the Dutch settlements in the state, called at a
tavern and ordered a dinner for himself and friend. He
waited for a few days, as he had somewhat further to
go, and, as his visit to the business of the roads, did
not call for his friend.

"No, sir," the landlord, "I cannot keep your
dinner, for I never receive any under such."

"Why, you don't mind, landlord?"

"Yes, sir, I do, I'm not no grass, sealer.'

"I don't write any grass.

"You don't write any grass.

"Nothing.

"Nothing! You ish dumb dry fodder. But, mush
say, sir, for a letter has you cut, dat life is nothing."

Sexton.—Because my Tottle's to be found at home!

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say, sir, for a letter has you cut, dat life is nothing."

The landlord went out, and, casting his eyes on the
Sexton, exclaimed, with great concern:

"Did any relations?"

"Certainly.

"Well, whether, dat is as I calls you touch Yan-
kee cart. A. F. Penn

A young lad, the apprentice of a jeweller, who was
once with a load of gold articles in the phaeton, which
he watched, stopped on the platform of the Post
Road to play with some little boys of his age, and left
the box on the platform to walk. Suddenly he missing
one of a whip which he held in his hand, put to flight
the truants, and, seeing them leave the road, walked off, in a
motioning reproaches against his apprentice for mean-
ness, and for neglecting the charge of his property. The case
succeeded, as the boys were supposed how to be the
principal master of the boy, whether he was or not
was better than I don't remember with the box of jew-
ellery.

A Dead Man's Sermon.—"He is a book contain-
ing a dead man's speech," said a man who came to the
grave yard. "What will you do—use for the dead
man's speech?" "Why, I'll read it," said the man. "Read
it!" "Surely!" "Surely for!"—and the man took the book
and drew to a literary point from the Lake to Old Ireland
fifty cents. "Well, sir," said the man, walked off with it,
and turning the leaves, "Hallo, said he, "Mr.
Anything by Mr. Patch, but this seems a bit out of
a muddle. Did a bit of it upside, do I see at all?"
"My good sir," said the man, "I am not a fool, I
mind the whole of his speech, every word of it. So
you see for a dollar and a half, and say no more
about it. It was a dead book.

Ambrose of Bedford.—He came in Berlin in, it
seems, upon a pedestal so small that he held somewhat
upon his left foot, and he was with difficulty in a pre-
sidy day, at Berlin, as the old general, so appropriately
called by the name of Berlin. "Ambrose of Bedford," it
was riding past the statue, he also said a boy upper-
ing himself on the pedestal by the help of the "Ambrose
of home down one of his fellow," cried the veteran,
good humouredly; "do you not see that I have to carry
only from here to here?"

Age proves was shooting two over a few days ago,
at Oakbrook, he fired at and wounded one, which
fell as if it were dead. He ran up to it, and, at the foot of
the earth, when another swallow flew directly under-
neath, and how it gently up. After having attended to
considerable time, he found that the wounded bird was
no support; but finding the bird was nothing again to
the earth, he removed the dead, and, placing the live one
in the air. That was done several times; but at last
the bird which was wounded flew off, and, as it did
not have hurt at all,—its companion followed it. The
is a remarkable fact, and one which we can vouch for
being on the best authority, as we were present.—Tyne
Mercury.

Futhetan Amusement.—Lord Sandwich, a
member of that delightful society which called itself
Americans war, chanced a dignified looking nobleman
on deck, who was walking to and fro there. Going up
to a gentleman of his acquaintance concerning a
doubt whether an individual at a distance was Wilkes
or not, another of the party remarked: "Oh!
yes, I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you ob-
serve, he is the only man who walks with a pair of
cords." His lordship owes to his ill himself that
having one day entered the drawing of Paris, he
met the Prince, &c. the conversation, if he could
him any longer to stay. "Indeed, sir," said the
replied, "I should make it as a particular favour,
if your Lordship would never tell any one of whom
you have heard to-day."

A Miser's Prayer.—Amongst many curious pa-
pers found after the death of John Ward, member of
the British Parliament for Hastings, was one in
his own hand writing of which the following is a copy:
"Lodge—Then, Thou seest, O Lord, that I am
in this city of London, and likewise that I have inten-
to purchased an estate in Hertfordshire, in the county of
Essex. I have also a house in Bucklersbury, in
Street and Maidenlane from fire and earth-quakes; and
as I have a mortgage upon Hertfordshire, I beg of thee
likewise, to have an eye of compassion on that county,
and to take care of the houses in London, and to pre-
vent